Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, DECEMBER 23, 1915 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Christmas Prayer for the United States

1915

Our holy and beautiful season of Peace and Good-Will draws near, and, instead of the echoing angel-song, echoes from battlefields are still flying over the earth. Sitting apart in our safety we listen, aching with millions of fellow-men in the distance whose hearts are breaking, whose homes are desolate today. Our Christmas bells again are muffled, our carols will not sing.

O God, we know that no good thing is failure, no evil thing success. We know thy purpose holds, of Peace, Good-Will, the Christ on earth. Still shall thy kingdom come, thy will be done, and earth be radiant with righteousness.

Use *us* today, we pray, as singers of the Christmas song! May sympathy with all the suffering lands, may love of peace and justice, may wisdom in our counsellors and statesmen, fit us to bear the brightening message, to do the Christlike deed. Take from our souls O God, the old-world fears of violence, the old-world trust in force to meet it; give us, instead, the new world's faith in brotherhood and justice and each other as the armament and strength of nations. Not by the sharpened sword, but by deepened loyalties to righteousness may we prepare us for the holy tasks of the Day that is even now at hand. May our own obedience give us daring to believe that thou reignest also in the hearts of other men, and to brave the perils of a disappointed faith. Use us, O God, we pray, to spread the spirit of the Child who lived and died to bring thy peace on earth!

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 259
Patriotism—and Something More.—W. C. G. 260
What the Ministers Do for the Community 261

CONTRIBUTED—

Is Henry Ford Mad—or is Europe Mad?—W. D. Simonds 262
For Brotherhood and Peace.—Howard V. Sutherland 264
The Lesson of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.—Charles W. Wendte 267
Some Questions About "Preparedness" Answered. J. T. Sunderland 268

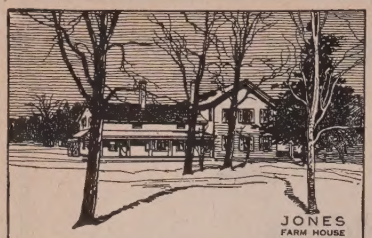
POETRY—

To the Dreamer.—*Florence Ripley Mastin* 259
Good Will and God's Peace.—Sylvester Baxter. 262
The Gifts.—*Grif Alexander* 263
A Christmas Carol.—*Percy Mackaye* 267
Had I Been One of Those.—Celia Parker Wooley 269
Have I My Work Out Yonder?—Algernon S. Crapsey 269

THE FIELD—

Henry Ford Peace Ship 270

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO



JONES
Dairy Farm
SAUSAGE

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Ave.
H. F. EGGERS,
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. EISENBERG
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

PRINTING

Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.

Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.

Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Telephone, Douglas 665

John G. Hope

PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

unity-devoted-to-practical-

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1915. NUMBER 17.

TO THE DREAMER.

(Not mentioning any names.)

I cannot help but love the knight who goes,
Unchampioned, derided by his foes
And friends, to seek the white star of his dream
In the black night. He only sees the gleam;
And heeding neither laughter nor the sneers
Of sane complacency, his course he steers
Into the starless skies. Perchance for him
The gleam will never out of darkness swim.
Yet better, dream possessed, to fall down
In failure than to snicker like a clown
Over the dream. God give us grace to see
The grandeur in the soul of errantry!

New York Times. —*Florence Ripley Mastin.*

"And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good-will among men.'" So runs the gospel story of the song that fell from the skies around the startled shepherds on the night when Jesus was born. Nineteen hundred years have passed away since then, and, in the midst of the greatest war that has ever convulsed the earth, again we are told that from the skies has dropped a Song of Peace,—the "Appeal Sent to Rulers" by wireless from Henry Ford's ship in mid-ocean. If the report be true, the ancient legend has become the fact of science. The poem has become reality. The angel's name is Marconi. The listening shepherds are the Kings of Europe. In every court upon the continent that new Song showered from the skies has been heard. The warring armies on their battlefields have heard it. Mothers and wives and children in a million aching homes have heard it. The "Christianized" lands of earth have heard it.

And still the Christ is waiting to be born!

It is a sign of the times, perhaps we had better say, a sign of the *better* times coming, that The Women's Conference of the Society for Ethical Culture in New York City, announces a course of eighteen lectures on "The Science of Nations, Their Ideals and Their Contribution to Civilization as Shown in Their History, Literature and Art." The lectures are to be given on successive Friday mornings at 11 o'clock. Admission to the course: To members of the Conference, $7.00; to non-members, $10.00; single admission, $1.00. Where are the cultured people of Chicago? Is there another city in America that will sustain such a course, on such topics, at such time, and at such rates? The list of lectures and topics is worthy of wide circulation. Professor Shotwell of Columbia City is to lecture on English and French history; Professor O'Bolger, University of Pennsylvania, on English literature; Professor Spiers of Haverford College on French literature; M. Andre Tridon on French art; Professor Vittorio Racca of the New York University on Italian art; Professor Livingston, Columbia University, on Italian literature; Mr. Alfred W. Martin is to speak on Italian art, Professor Adler on German history, Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard University on German literature, Professor Von Mach of Harvard University on German art, Professor Lord of Harvard on Russian history, Professor Wiener of Harvard on Russian literature, Dr. Christian Brinton on Russian art, Dr. Henry G. Leach on Scandinavian history, Mr. Edwin Björkman on Scandinavian literature and Mr. Neilsen Laurvik on Scandinavian art. Let others emulate the high work of the New York ladies. Let not current politics and the bloody distractions of Europe blind us to the permanent realities and the lasting elements in civilization and the permanent things of culture.

The daily papers in Chicago for many days have been running over with the record of police corruption, graft and failure of duty, and public opinion has been forced, in view of the evidence offered, to confirm the verdicts of several juries recording their solemn belief that trusted officials had basely betrayed their trust for the sake of "what there was in it for them," and many more such verdicts are likely to follow. The front pages of several of these papers have been decorated with fine large portraits of Capt. John J. Halpin, former Chief of Detective Bureau, a man whose appearance indicates position, education and trustworthiness, a man who might have been chosen out of many even on the high plane of Chicago's requirements, but a man whose downfall has been proved, at least to the satisfaction of a jury of his peers. As if, after all, the forces of nature and of human nature are striving to deliver our public life from the depths of pessimism, and somehow hold the balance in such a way as to bring the right uppermost, in some of the same issues appeared another picture, that of Policeman John Burke, a young man just starting out in life, proud of new wife and home, proud of the city he served, and proud of the profession he followed.

In a place of honor in the police headquarters of the city of Chicago hangs a large frame containing thirty policemen's stars, with three more to be added, surmounted by the legend:

"Stars that were worn by officers who lost their lives in discharge of their duties subsequent to May 1, 1905."

The commanding officer of this young man, Assistant Chief Herman F. Schuettler renders the verdict which outweighs all the sad records of official cupidity in these words:

Policeman John Burke, who was killed by a robber's bullet, is one more brave man whose name is added to the list of Chicago's policemen who have died doing their duty.

He died doing his duty! So we know there are some, yes, many, policemen who are trying to live up to what Chicago expects of them.

All honor to those who have died in the discharge of their duty! And still more honor to those who are still alive and are trying to do their duty!

A. L. K.

Truly "the mice will play when the cat's away!" While "the Senior Editor" is away from the office, I shall carry out a long-delayed intention and speak of one of his books, which I consider a most important human document—"An Artilleryman's Diary." It is the daily record of one "Jenk. Ll. Jones," who entered the service of his country almost a mere boy and served as an artilleryman in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery three years—lacking one month. What unusual prescience prompted him to make this daily record I cannot tell; but the fact remains that it forms one very important sidelight on the moving history of that momentous period of our nation's life, and has more than once played an important part in settling some controversy where honor was at stake in the life of one of his comrades of those troublous days. Wise boy, that in spite of fatigue, hunger and homesickness, after weary miles of marching through slush and rain, or sleet and ice, took the time to jot down briefly the main facts of the weary day before snatching the much-needed rest—oft-times on the frozen earth itself. Today, Sunday, the 19th, I wondered, as he is sailing toward his peace goal, where he was one of those December Sundays of that last great war. I opened his Diary to this entry: "Bridgeport, (Ala.), Sunday, Dec. 20th.—Considerable frost this morning, but the boys came out in high spirits, full of fun and very noisy. The fireplaces doing good service to keep up spirits, and all have drawn clothing enough to keep warm. We received no mail or papers for three days, the cars having run off the track this side of Nashville. Capt. Dillon left for Nashville this p. m. after artillery equipment. Wrote a letter to brother John. Darned stockings, etc. Signed receipt roll for clothing."

This was in '63. From his closing entry on July 18, 1865, Madison, Wis., I take his closing sentences: "But I must strive to attain the highest good that lies in my power. The dictates of conscience shall be my guide. Tonight I retrace my steps to my quiet valley home. The many tender ties which bind me to my comrades of the march, battle and camp, are more than likely broken on this earth. And the diary which I have kept unbroken is hereby ended with the end of my service, having lived two years and eleven months in the service of my country. Three of the best years of my life have been lost to self-instruction, and the plans and hopes of my childhood have been ruthlessly toppled down; but the time has not been lost. I have no regrets for the way it has been spent. My prayer is that the remainder of my life may be as usefully spent. So, dear Diary, good-bye!"

The fifty-two years that have rolled around since that prayer can, I believe, attest its sincerity and answer. A thrilling book is this Artilleryman's Diary!

M. B. P.

Patriotism—and Something More

From the agony and dehumanization of the War let us gather all the comfort, all the courage, all the happy prophecy we can. Not to do so is to fall short in the duty of the hour. Beside long-lasting woes, much good is sure to follow it—if not at once, at last.

Extensions of democracy; increased recourse to arbitration in national disputes; partial disarmaments; humane revisons of the laws of war; new forms of international legislation and co-operation pointing to beginnings of a "world-state;" higher appreciation of woman's quality and power; widening temperance in the use of alcoholic drink,—all these advances may be looked for following the War. It is worth while, also, to remember this: that probably no year of human history has ever witnessed so many men and women gladly dying for what they believed a holy cause, as this sad year of ours. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life" for his cause. There were apparently more persons on the earth in 1914 willing—to kill? mere logic would say so,—but at any rate willing to die for what they deemed the right, than ever before! What may this mass of self-sacrifice, and the proud, inspiring memories it will leave behind in all the lands, foreshadow for the time when Peace begins again?

In *all* the lands. "Who stands, if Freedom fall? Who dies, if England live?" asked Kipling in his poem. We may believe this will to die, if need be, for the country's life is true of both sides in the War

and of all warring nations. All claim it as a war of self-defense. All claim it as a war of patriotism. And patriotism is one of the supreme forms of unselfment. Like religion, duty, liberty, the greatest crimes have been committed in its name. It is *because* these are the holiest things that they are so abused. Not insincerely, but in a mad sincerity men always use God-names to justify their passions and their wars. Are religion, duty, liberty, patriotism, therefore to be vilified and thrown aside? That is to be shallow. Above the individual is the family; but to say that is not to asperse the individual; on the contrary, the more developed the individual, the nobler becomes the family. Above the family is the State; but to say that is not to decry the family; on the contrary, the closer-knit the family, the better for the State. Above the State, the Nation, are internationalism and humanity; but to believe and to feel this is not to disparage the nation or deprecate patriotism. On the contrary, the purer and stronger the patriotism, the more radiant the outlook for inter-patriotism and humanity. Thomas Paine's sounding dictum, "The world is my country; to do good, my relgion," is fine, but not so fine as it sounds. As definition of "country" or of "religion," it sounds hollow,—like an outside trying to disown its inside. Patriotism is a holy quality. Pacifists will not help their cause by decrying *it* in deploring its abuses. If it be not the farthest reach of unselfing, it is one of the farthest reaches; and to willingly *die* for our country is high toward the supreme achievement. Yet there is higher.

Edith Cavell's words in her Belgian prison, on the evening before her execution, reached that higher height. She told her friend, the chaplain, "I gladly give my life for my country. But this I would say: Standing as I do in view of God and Eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough,—I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone." That is patriotism perfected. That is the "Forgive them" on the cross.

When all is over, and the monuments of reverence begin to cluster on the Gettysburgs of Europe, on each greater battlefield, or at least in every capitol, one monument should rise with those words for inscription. Taught by the War, the chastened and ennobled soul of every nation should bring itself to make those words its very own: "We gladly give life for our country; but, standing in view of God and Eternity, we realize that patriotism is not enough,—we must have no hatred, no bitterness toward any other people." When the nations "realize" that, wars will be over. And then to give life for one's country will mean something more difficult and more glorious than any glory that is won on battlefields. W. C. G.

What the Ministers Do for the Community

Although the modern "division of labor" and specialization of the professions as well as the trades seem to have robbed the ministers of religion of the pre-eminent leadership which they once enjoyed, they still remain as the "shepherds" of the community in a very real sense. Quite aside from their functions of guiding the young, comforting the aged, consoling the bereaved, checking when not guiding the wayward, they are to an eminent degree the guardians of public spirit. They are the students of civic conditions, and though seldom admitted into the councils of public servants and legislators, they are the severest of critics, the most fearless of investigators and the most independent of voters. Without touching on their service in the redemption of individuals, the churches of all denominations still abide as the only social and civic centers in many communities, and wherever they are, and however rimmed by sectarian lines and dogmatic tests, they are the most democratic centers available.

They do welcome, and in a real way touch the lives of old and young, men and women, rich and poor, democrat, republican or independent. The modern minister is a busy man, but much of his occupation is attending to the wants of others, listening to the plaints of the wrong and studying the problems relating to the well being of the community in which he moves.

Writing out of a long and wide experience, I venture to say that the sanitary and spiritual environment of any community is apt to be most closely modeled by the ministry of that community. You will find upon the table of the ministers more of the recent sociological, economic and reformatory publications, whether as books or magazines, than you will find on the table of any other one profession, the teaching profession included. Search the lists of the school, sanitary and reformatory boards in any community and you will find the ministry well represented. Often times you will find them to be dynamos generating the motive power for the movement of these civic engines.

After all allowance is made for the ignorance, the bigotry and the prejudices of ministers, they still stand as the noblest representatives of the liberal professions which, however, defined, contain an element of altruism in them, of a non-commercial factor, a service rendered without a material *quid pro quo* in their life work.

This is as it should be, for they are students of the intangible, the custodians of the spiritual inheritance of the race, the interpreters of the spiritual life. These forces are to remain in society and the ministers' profession is to grow more important with the growth of public spirit, with the development of the social passion, with the recognition of the fact that the kingdom of God is now and here, but this earth and this life, in so far as men and women conform to the dictates of reason, the demands of conscience and the loves of the human heart.

Heaven is above all! There sits a judge that no king can corrupt!—*Shakespeare.*

Blessed Christmas Day

Once more the journeying months have brought us to the day of all the year the best—Christmas day, with its good cheer, its abounding joy, and its gentle good-will. Only one other day can compete with Christmas in our regard, and that is Easter, with its "song of those who answer not, however we may call;" and, being Christian days, they are both days of hope. If Easter teaches us hope for the life to come, Christmas asks us to hope for the life that now is. And the hope of the world is the child, in whose dirty, chubby, candy-stained hands lies the future of the race. In him we live again, if in no other way—save in the memory of God, who does not forget.

Welcome the spirit of Christmas—symbol of the Eternal Child and "the Cradle Endlessly Rocking." It is needed in this old world, if only to keep alive the souls of us, and to renew faith in our almost forgotten dreams. May it flourish to the confounding of all unkindness, all uncleanliness. It takes us down from our towering pride, and teaches us humility and sweet charity. It brings us, on one day at least, to a simplicity of faith in the Golden Age, free of the shadow of the Night and the fear of the Morrow.

Blessed Christmas day—it rescues us, for a brief time, from the tyranny of facts, and gives such as have lost their child-heart hope that they may come back again sometime, somewhere—if not on earth, mayhap out yonder with the dwellers of the City on the Hill.

J. F. N.

GOOD WILL AND GOD'S PEACE.

O Ruler of Nations and Master of All!
Thy will be our own as on earth it is done!
Protect us, we pray Thee, from victory won
in warfare for wrong!
And in jubilant song may our paeans ne'er sound
for warriors crowned
With laurels ill gained—our honor bestained
by exalting our might
And abusing our bounty in scorn of the Right!

O Ruler of Nations and Master of All!
We long for the Peace and the Good Will on Earth
Proclaimed by Thine angels when hailing the birth
of our Savior and Lord—
Who instead brought a sword: Thy token that Strife
shall dominate Life
Until Peace has been gained and Good Will attained
with our passing from Night,
Out of bloodshed and woe, unto joy in Thy Light.

O Ruler of Nations and Master of All
Now teach us, Thy peoples, that nowhere on earth
The Peace which we long for can ever hold worth
till Thy boon of Good Will
We accept; that until to achieve it we yearn
Thy Faith we shall spurn!
So our infinite need is a mutual heed
for the weal and the right
Of each and of all on our way to the Light.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

Is Henry Ford Mad—or is Europe Mad?

(Abstract of Address at First Unitarian Church, Oakland. By the Minister, William Day Simonds)

God bless the ship that carries Henry Ford to Europe. May the waves bear it safely. May the winds blow gently upon it. May the stars look down in kindly protection. For in a hundred years no mission so wholly Christlike has been undertaken by any man of any race.

Who is Henry Ford, called of many papers "a sentimental idot," and whose daily mail is burdened with threatening letters? The best American type of self-made man. An inventor, toiler, manager, director of huge industrial enterprise, and moreover a pioneer in the path of social justice. Mr. Ford has been called ere this "a sentimental idiot." Some two years ago, when it was announced that this man would divide profits with his workmen on something like a fair basis, the hard-headed business men everywhere declared that Ford would ruin his own business and imperil theirs. Nothing of the kind has occurred. Only good has come of this act of justice. It may be just as well for Mr. Ford's critics to wait a little. Possibly he is right today as he was right then.

And what does Henry Ford propose to do? Only this and nothing more. He will journey at his own heavy expense, with a party of fellow workers, in the sacred cause of peace. He will establish headquarters in some neutral country that he may give hope and help to the peace men and women of Europe to the end that this worst of wars may be stopped at the earliest possible moment. And we are told that he is mad. Why? What reasons do the astute ones give to prove that this is madness? We will call the roll and let them speak for themselves.

Comes the German sympathizer. "The war must not end until Germany wins. Until she imposes her will upon Europe, and finally upon the world." Well, friend, passing now the peril that lies in the domination of one race and one country over civilization,—do you really believe in your sober moments that Germany can conquer four first-class powers, all equally determined with the Fatherland to fight to the bitter end? Does brave France seem exhausted? Is Italy yet suffering? Is great Russia at a loss to create new armies? And is the strength of the British Empire, that cable of steel which you thought a rope of sand, is it really tested yet? And how much will there be left of Germany after she has finally subdued this colossal combination? Is Henry Ford mad, or are you mad? The sooner peace comes on an endurable basis, the better for every man, woman and child in Germany.

Comes the English sympathizer. "This war which was forced upon us must continue until Germany is vanquished, until Prussian militarism is ground to the dust, until Berlin is captured and humbled." Well, good friend, I do not say this is impossible, but I do say that the cost of really conquering Germany—the cost in men and money—will be so great as to stagger civilization itself. And what good will result? Have we forgotten that Germany is the land of Luther and Lessing, of Schiller and Goethe,—the land of Philosophy and Science, of scholarship and progress, the one

country from which all others must pattern if they would subdue her.

But you say it is Prussian militarism we must destroy. But what good will that do if you erect in its place British, or French, or Russian militarism? Who will keep the intoxicated victor within bounds? Ah! friends, it is not Germany, or England, or France that must be overthrown, but Militarism—that devil's doctrine that might makes right—the black spirit of hate and war, the simpering folly of race pride and prejudice—these are the forces that must be destroyed. War must die, drowned in the heart's blood of martyrs. And, my Masters, it is better that all the belligerents should gain little and suffer much that war may be the more surely discredited. So Henry Ford would stop the war now. He is not mad. He is wiser than he dreams.

To continue this war months, or years, will not right a single wrong. More slaughter will not restore Belgium, nor will the greater shedding of blood clothe again the plains of ravished Poland with smiling harvests, or dot her landscape with happy homes. The marching of a hundred armies cannot bring again to life the smallest Armenian babe that perished in that hell of crime the Turk calls war. Wage this war a century and you cannot finally settle a single great question. All that is possible is to substitute one kind of militarism for another. Peace, and peace alone, can save Europe and the world. We want peace, and we want it now. And so I say again—

"God bless the ship that carries Henry Ford to Europe."

Dr. Frederick Lynch, secretary of the Church Peace Union, founded by Andrew Carnegie, on February 10, 1914, announced in the daily press of December 17th that the Union was unqualifiedly opposed to the present day demand for increased armaments for the United States, and that the trustees had decided that not only should an appeal be made to the people to withstand such a demand, but that Congress should be asked to discover how the $250,000,000 now spent annually on our defenses may be more effectively expended, if it is true that neither the army nor the navy are efficient in spite of that enormous expenditure.

The stand of the Church Peace Union is outlined in a resolution calling upon men everywhere to renounce the policy of armed peace, which was passed at a recent meeting of the trustees held in New York City at the residence of Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York. Bishop Greer is the president of the Union. The resolutions follow:

WHEREAS, the world is passing through an awful crisis, and men everywhere are sorely confused in their notions and bewildered in their judgments, and

WHEREAS, it is the duty of God-fearing men to increase in the world the stock of goodwill, and to devise means by which the recurrence of the present world tragedy may be rendered impossible, and

WHEREAS, the United States because of its position and power and traditions is under bonds to do what it can toward the reshaping of the opinion of nations, and the moulding of a new and nobler world policy,

Therefore, Be It Resolved, that we ask all the pastors and teachers and other religious leaders to bend their minds to the great task of creating and fostering a deeper spirit of racial sympathy and international good will, and of exalting in men's hearts the divine ideals of human brotherhood.

And Be It Resolved, that we appeal to the American people to withstand the present demand for increased armament for the United States. We are already spending each year the enormous sum of $250,000,000 on the army and navy and if neither of these is now efficient we would ask that Congress discover how the money of the people may be more effectively expended.

Upon the hearts of the American people we would enroll the duty of national preparedness in mind and spirit, that we may worthily meet the crucial situation by which we are now confronted. Military preparedness having proved to be inadequate as a safeguard to the World's peace, we call upon men everywhere to renounce the policy of armed peace and to seek and follow a better way.

The Church Peace Union is the second Carnegie Peace Foundation, Mr. Carnegie having given its trustees $2,000,000 on February 10, 1914, the day of its establishment.

Its purpose is to promote the cause of international peace through the churches, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, each of its twenty-nine trustees representing some one of the denominations. They are as follows:

President, David H. Greer, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York.
His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore.
W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University (Baptist).
Bishop Luther B. Wilson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
James J. Walsh, M. D. (Catholic).
Francis Lynde Stetson (Episcopalian).
Robert E. Speer (Presbyterian).
Judge Henry Wade Rogers (Methodist).
Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder (Lutheran).
George A. Plympton (Presbyterian).
John R. Mott (representing Student Volunteers and Y. M. C. A.).
Dr. William Pierson Merrill, minister of the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church.
Edwin D. Mead, of Boston (Unitarian).
Dean Shailer Matthews, of Chicago University Divinity School (Baptist).
Borough President, Marcus M. Marks (Jewish).
Dr. C. S. Macfarland, secretary of the Federal Council of Churches.
Dr. Frederick Lynch, representing the Peace Commission of the Federal Council of Churches.
Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, P. E. Bishop of Massachusetts.
Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago (Unitarian).
Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor Broadway Tabernacle (Congregational).
Prof. William I. Hull, of Swarthmore College (Friends).
Hamilton Holt (Congregationalist).
Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch (Jewish).
Bishop E. R. Hendrix (M. E. Church, South).
Dr. Frank O. Hall (Universalist).
Archbishop J. J. Glennon (Roman Catholic).
Dr. Arthur Judson Brown (Presbyterian).
Dr. Peter Ainslie, of Baltimore (Disciples of Christ).
Dr. Francis E. Clark, representing the Young People's Societies.

THE GIFTS.

Time is an Indian giver of a prize;
  He gives, and then he takes the thing he gave.
  What's Yesterday? A gift we could not save.
Tomorrow? Ghost that may materialize.
We poor recipients, ever playing wise,
  Squander in youth (for youth is ever brave),
  Hoard like a miser as we near the grave,
Time's dear donations. Swift each moment flies.

Swift ticks the clock. The hour-hand barely creeps,
  But slowly, surely, moves to God's eternity.
    The sun illumes, then hides behind the hill.
But whatsoe'er is hidden in the deeps,
  Today's the one great gift Times gives to me
    To hold awhile and do with as I will.

Pittsburgh Dispatch. —*Grif Alexander.*

For Brotherhood and Peace

By HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND
Alameda, California

The ears of kings are open only to the thunder of cannon or the insidious voice of flattery. The homage of the centuries has steeled their hearts; they have no understanding of the words "equality" and "brotherhood," neither do their deeds spring from those gentler motives which govern the actions of humbler men. Within

"The shadow of a Christless cross"

they sit and direct the destinies of subjects, bequeathing baubles upon the few and death unto the many—usurping the supreme prerogative of God.

But unto those others who constitute our common humanity, who toil in factories or bend above the care-demanding vines, whose efforts end in cities, whose dreams result in commerce—unto all others who claim no divine right to rule, the world's appeal for Peace will not pass unheard.

To say that of their own free will nations make war upon nations, slaughtering the innocent and destroying the results of their own industry, is to deny man the intelligence of the ant; it suggests that civilization is but a mockery and that the religious influences of nineteen hundred years have left us as callous and insensible as the chiseled thing of stone.

The voices in the valley are not for war; the mountaineers amid eternal solemnity speak words of gentleness; the city builder is no agent of destruction, and from the hearts of them that follow the restless racing of the sea the boisterous winds have blown all malice and all envy.

It is upon the self-constituted rulers of these that eyes of accusation are turned; it is against them that the murmur of the world is directed, and it is they who in the final reckoning must account to just and angered Deity.

That these are also the thoughts of hundreds of thousands in other lands than ours there is no doubt, but it is from our beloved country that the Message must go forth, until, aware of the senselessness of slaughter at the behest of another and conscious of the meaning of true manhood, there is developed in European peoples that independence, that liberty, which is our inalienable birthright.

Peace follows in the footsteps of freedom, and there can be no brotherhood among men while classes exist and dynasties continue—while rank is maintained and wealth usurps the place that should be accorded worth.

We are permitted to say these things, because, although the rights of men were preached in Europe long before Rousseau, with his Social Contract, caused the huge mouth of the world to gape wider in astonishment, it was here, in America, that the theory of equality was put into effect and became something more than a dream.

To combat ignorance is, then, the first step to be taken if humanity is to be saved from destruction at the hands of these rulers by "divine right"—periodic Napoleons who give more thought to shell and shrapnel than to men and to whom women are but possible mothers of males; to preach to the down-trodden of all nations the doctrine of that liberty of the individual which has made us what we are, which recognizes the rights of all, but supreme authority only in God.

It is in this warfare that each of us may enlist. Nay, it is in this warfare that we *must* enlist if militarism is to be overthrown and a brother man, whether on the wind-swept steppes of Russia or the sunny hills of France, to be free to peacefully enjoy the fruits of his labor.

Of what use in humanity's behalf is an appeal to kings? As well petition the lightning before it strikes, or ask mercy of the cyclone for the city within its path; as well bid Death be merciful when he looks upon the one we love.

It is to the common people the Message must be carried. Had Christianity been preached to the wearers of purple rather than to the poor, today it would be a forgotten thing; and the doctrine of Peace, when addressed to the upholders of a throne, falls on ears grown deaf to pity. It is to the workers of the world that Christ's protest would be made, were He here to add His voice to ours—to the fathers whose stalwart sons are sacrificed upon the altars of a despot's ambition, to the women whose darlings precede them to untimely graves, to those childless men whose hearts grow heavier with the years. It is in these that compassion dwells; it is by these that all appeals are heard.

Unless the Message be sent to the world, unless we enter upon this holy warfare against War, the day will come when those now in their cradles shall swell the armies of the future; whose bodies shall be mangled by screaming shell and have heaped upon them such cruel indignity as only occurs in battle. In agony, cursing the day they saw the light, they shall die; or without opportunity for even a whispered prayer—a boon we grant the murderer—they shall be sent into the awful presence of their Maker.

While War continues, and until Brotherhood and Peace are established facts, from this fate whose son shall be secure? What woman can say to her mate: "Thou art mine, we twain shall yet grow old together." Do kings consider the birthright of a child, or emperors the joys of peasants? The cities we build shall be demolished, the treasures of the ages shall be destroyed; men shall be slain by millions as of yore—the honor of their wives and daughters violated by a victorious soldiery. For these are but the consequences of War, the horrors of which no artist can paint, no writer adequately describe. And in many a hut and many a humble home there shall be the sorrows that no years can obliterate, the bitter loneliness to which death itself is preferable.

It has been customary to idolize the soldier—not, if the truth be told, the man who bears his knapsack, but whose uniform is gaudiest; yet what does he do that merits the applause of men? In times of peace he eats the bread of idleness; in times of war the same ruthlessness with which he directs the killing of your supposed enemy may be employed in the slaughter of your friend, of yourself, should occasion arise, as even in this country it once arose. In so much are the times changed, in so many ways do we endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the many, surely this respect for the *killer,* for the destroyer, cannot long continue! To the banding together of peacefully inclined civilians, for the purposes of companionship as much as for the country's proper policing we cannot

object; it is the professional slayer who is loathsome —the man who is paid as is the hangman, to whom war means the possibility of promotion, who considers the merchant and the man of letters his inferior, and scorns the tiller of the soil. He is the sole defender of militarism; for him are cannon cast, and medals, bearing the image of the master tyrant, minted; for him is that hideous enginery invented whose purpose is the extinguishing of life.

The burning city is to him but a spectacle; his horse whose distended nostrils proclaim a horror of that upon which it perforce must trample, is possessed of finer feeling. And yet in all countries this man is tolerated; and women, who should be the first to see in him the menace he represents, have ever been the devoutest worshipers at his encrimsoned shrine.

If we are to wage war upon War, we must include War's myrmidons. We ostracize the thief and the fallen woman; we protest when in our own interest science takes the life of a helpless creature. How much more, then, should we look with stern disapproval upon him, who, for self-interest and gain, may take the life of one who is a brother?

An upholder at heart of the principle of "divine right," his ears are as deaf as the ears of royalty to everything save cannon; but we, who have broken the wills of kings, and given proof of the terrific power of the People, can so scorch the soldier with the lightning of displeasure that even he will lay aside his sword and wear no more his hateful livery.

To bring about the era of world peace, then, we must send the Message of Enlightenment to the masses whose numbers swell armies, who are taken from honest toil in factory or field to obey the shrill orders of the trumpet or the ominous mandate of the drum. We must endeavor, nay, *determine*, to teach them the dignity of manhood, to realize that instead of being created to cringe to one above him, man is given aspiration to prove his superiority to the stars. Nobility of character will follow upon such consciousness, and the gentler attributes of nature will blossom naturally, as in a kindly soil bloom such flowers that in the desert have no being. It is circumstance, it is environment, that makes the criminal and the hard of heart; it is injustice that fills our jails and ignorance that makes brutes of men; and circumstance, environment, injustice and ignorance are back of all-hideous War.

The child is taught to consider the child of another nation his natural enemy; while yet his footsteps are uncertain he is taught to associate his Flag, not with Peace, but with such monstrous cataclysms as have drenched in blood one-half the world. As he grows to manhood, his hatred is kept alive by the military subjection to which he is victim; and when, at the crucial moment, he is ordered forth to slay, his ignorance or misdirected education make him think himself a martyr, a defender of his country and of right, when in reality he is but a tool in the hands of those who, for their own purposes, use him to his destruction.

With education, with enlightenment and its consequent widening of spiritual vision, there comes to us the realization that men differ from one another but very little except in language. A negro, no less than a Hohenzollern, has love for wife and child; the cobbler at his bench is no surer of tomorrow than is a czar. One and all, we hold but an uncertain tenancy in the world, and one and all have the same yearning, the same desire, the same wish to enjoy, while yet it is ours, our trifling share of Time.

From the ranks of the lowly of all countries there arise great men and women who clothe in new words these old, old thoughts. Can we imagine hatred in their hearts, or suppose that they are not aware of the brotherhood of peoples? This recognition of universality is the test of true greatness. What mean the tears in the eyes of emigrants when they see the results of the schooling we bestow upon their children —what else than that at heart the whole body from which arose those noble men and women is fine, is human, and only awaits the breaking of its shackles, and education and opportunity to stand erect and see with the eyes of free and happy men?

Freedom! Has not America spilled its blood that a black man might win for himself the same respect accorded to a white? Have not we set our foot upon caste and class so that a rail-splitter can become a President and a mechanic sit in council with Captains of Industry? Have not we granted to our citizens the priceless boons of freedom of speech and the right to worship God after their own fashion? Have not we seen what injustice the ages have heaped upon woman, and now seek her aid in rectifying the wrongs that still remain to be righted? And are not we striving day by day to root out evil, to make conditions better for rich and poor, to strangle injustice and make possible for our heirs the "thousand years of peace?"

It is the recognition that men are brothers that has brought about this striving for universal betterment, and it is not individual, but national striving. By those in power in Europe, with the exception of the glorious few, these endeavors are mocked. We well know why.

Here, tolerance comes naturally to the very child! It is their conviction that our belief in the brotherhood of men is sincere that brings to us the poor of other lands, and it is the sincerity of our conviction that gradually so possesses them that they become the bitterest denunciators of those class distinctions and prejudices, of that oppression and militarism making each nation of Europe the bitter foe of the others.

Oh! the story of our record in the past! Oh, the magnificence of the task before us! But oh! what victory might crown the diviner purpose of teaching to others besides our own what freedom means, wherein true brotherhood consists! It were, indeed, well worth attempting—the endeavor to take the message into farthest lands and spread our gospel among the poor of all nations, from the Urals to the Pyrenees, from the Danube to the Seine; to proclaim in all tongues that by whatever name men call Him, there is but one God and Christ is the Prince of Peace!

This creed alone can offset the pernicious influence of militarism. With enlightenment shall come love, and with love a casting away of the gross instruments of death and obedience to them whose red mandate is to kill. With enlightenment superstition shall cease —and what but superstition is the fear or servile flattery of one who claims to rule, not by the expressed desire of his people, but by "right divine?"

Hearing this evangel, the bowed back of the tiller of fields shall be straightened; the lustreless eyes of the city worker shall become bright again; men shall

be unafraid to clasp each others' hands and walk as men; and women shall draw to their hearts their sons, conscious of the dawning of a day when no conscription shall draw them thence to die upon foreign soil. There shall be rejoicing in humble homes, and beneath the stars of God no sorrow save for those bitter but natural trials by which all loving hearts eventually are tried.

It is not by resort to force that we advocate our brothers' freeing themselves from the tentacles of military despotism. All life is sacred; it is of the essence of divinity, and the form of king and beggar but clothe it until it unifies itself with the life that is about us and, as commonly understood, above us. It is a loan to him who enjoys it, but its disposition lies with God.

It is by peaceful measures that must be brought about the change which shall make the field no longer a possible graveyard, nor the mountain heights fearful of a ruddier baptism than that which blesses it at dawn.

It must be by carrying into all lands, into all homes the doctrine of equality; it must be by an appeal to reason, to those instincts which bid all men preserve themselves when once they become aware of menace or of danger. It must be by preaching universalism rather than patriotism—the love of one's fellows rather than that of one's flag.

When the Message is carried to farthest lands, and when it is understood by the millions for whom it is intended, if kings still rule it shall be with the permission of their people and subject to their will. They may array themselves in pomp and constitute themselves a splendid spectacle; but no longer shall they send thousands forth to death, nor will they outrage Deity by proclaiming their deeds performed by His permission.

Kings, indeed, and even emperors, will play but minor parts when manhood knows and claims its rights. They have had their day and soon shall be heard the calls of other clarions than theirs—calls to commerce and art and to those happier vocations that tend to make life better for the many. In all lands Industry awaits her votaries, and her rewards consist of other things than medals bought with a brother's blood.

To hasten the advent of that day the efforts of all are needed. Young and old must work therefor, and men and women in all lands must make that glorious consummation the object of their lives. It is impossible to give back the dead; it is beyond our power to implant the blessed flower of forgetfulness in every heart; but we can save another's son from the fate that o'ertook our own, we can secure to other generations that security of which we are deprived by the monstrous iniquity of War.

For brotherhood and peace! Sublime motto, to supplant in other days the arrogant mottoes of the kings! Cannot we see the words upon a banner, a white dove on tender green—suggestive of the holy fields' fertility? Cannot we hear the shouts of men as, hand in hand,—Saxon, Celt and Slav—they watch it borne through the streets surrounded by their women? Cannot we sense the blessings of the aged, as they lay their trembling hands upon the grandsons' heads and thank God that prejudice, and ignorance, and tyranny, and hate are dead?

Nationalities must long endure; they outlast dynasties, but in the end they pass away and become mere memories. Ultimately even the memory of them is obliterated from the mind of man. For many generations, beneath their respective flags the nations of the world shall gather as at present; but year by year, day by day, the time is nearing when beneath that one flag all shall assemble. With the magnet's force it shall attract beneath its folds all people—its motto, the motto of the world.

Much, however, remains to be done before that flag can supplant the ancient banners. The campaign of enlightenment is merely in its infancy, and militarism as yet does not fear our efforts. But the time is coming when it shall fear us; when those whose voices are raised against its menace may be persecuted, even as were those brave ones menaced whose voices were raised against opression in the past. Then the down-trodden shall be with us, and the truly noble; and in the ultimate combat between Right and Might the flashing scimitar of the Truth shall smite the common enemy of men and there will be no more War.

Unto you, men and women in all lands, of all nationalities and creeds, an appeal is made to enlist yourselves under the banner of Peace. We erect churches and cathedrals to the Lord of Hosts, and bow our heads to Him in reverence; but while War continues our reverence is but a mockery, even as is our boasted civilization. We are our brothers' keepers; we are responsible unto Him for one another—for the woman who succumbs in the pitiless battle with conditions of our permitting as for the soldier who falls in the battles of another's making. Their lives are charged to our account; their ghosts may yet confront us when, in answer to the awful summons, we enter the presence of the Maker of Men to await the final judgment.

In every country the fields lie wasted for lack of labor; in every land are sites where cities should be born. Earth is a holy place, and we should keep it holy. From the constant mountains we can learn solemnity, and gentleness from the beautiful trees; the stars convey insistent messages and the sea is suggestive of freedom. Everything in nature moves serenely toward a glorious consummation, in obedience to a higher law; is man, then, but a worthless pawn, to be sacrificed at will, and wantonly, upon the checker-board of Destiny?

Until the masses receive the Message, it is for you, men and women in all lands, to answer for them, working in the meanwhile for the ignorant and unenlightened—making their cause your own. It is for you to join hands with us and aid us in our endeavor.

A high ambition, truly, and one in the realization of which each of us may gladly spend his substance and his time, and in the end feel sure that neither has been wasted. The day will come when those who have worked in the cause of Brotherhood and Peace shall be honored with more enduring monuments than those we raise above the slain; when those who have endeavored to make their protests heard by rulers and the ruled shall be spoken of as today we speak of the poets, prophets and emancipators of the past—whose speech was as a torch in darkest night. Their names, together with those of the truly good and truly great, shall be sung when the names of kings are only whispered or forgotten; and an enlightened people,

thinking back to the time when a hundred thousand suffered that a king might still endure, shall keep a day when in all nations there shall be rejoicing and children told the starry victories of Peace.

THE VISION.

Alone, amid high heaven's serenity,
I dreamed I wandered. At my feet the world
Rolled all a-glister, and the hum of men
Arose like faint, insistent, fragrances
From far beneath me. And anon there stepped
A woman, mild as love is, to my side,
And answered to the question of my eyes;
"My name is Peace; and men have called on me
To leave the heights and ever dwell with them
As dwells the bride, in honor to the end."

And while I leaned above the dread abyss
And downward peered, it seemed she stood by them,
In robes of white in villages and towns,
And blessed each one. The shepherd in his hut
Bent head in prayer before her; in the street
The workmen knelt and kissed her garment's hem;
While heavy men on whom success had smiled
And made forgetful of a brother's need,
Now drew her with the hunger of their arms
Until she touched their foreheads, and forgave.

And soon I heard a silvery voice proclaim:
"All life is God's. He gave the bird its song,
The bee its instinct and the hound its scent.
Man made He in His image. In his heart
He placed such wealth of consecrated dreams
That he is holy. Would ye slay these things
In whom the Lord hath blown the breath of life?"
And they that listened, knelt; and in their eyes
I saw such tears as drip from children's cheeks
That see their error, and would err no more.

The world, it seemed grew brighter. From the towns
As well as from the meadows, rose a shout
That thundered upward to the outer stars,
Even to God: *"O happy Brotherhood!*
O happy heirs of all that is to be!
Bent toiler and bent dreamer—hand in hand
Till comes the summons! Mine thy children are
And I, thy brother. Let us war no more
But stand together till the horn of death
Winds softly through the mists and draws us hence!"

Then Peace re-blessed the world, and men were glad;
And where they toiled they sang and were content;
And where they dreamed their eyes were wet with tears
The while their hearts were filled with gratitude.
Then, ere I woke, I heard again those words—
Those golden words: *"O Happy Brotherhood!*
All men are brothers; let us war no more;"
And knowing why the dream was granted me
I bent above my harp of ivory
And sang the dawn.

The Lesson of the Panama-Pacific Exposition

The National Federation of Religious Liberals, on invitation, through its secretary, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D., sent the following "sentiment" to be read at the closing exercises of the Panama-Pacific World's Fair:

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition, exceptionally beautiful and interesting in itself, and imparting to all who beheld its varied attractions an increased sense of the wonderful natural resources, and the industrial, social and intellectual achievements of the fortunate family of nations which inhabits the American continent, has taught a still more vital and important lesson to the people of the United States.

It has given them an enlarged conception of the relations, commercial, political and ethical, which should hereafter exist between their own country and the other great nations of the world, and especially with the ancient and vast civilizations of Asia and the Islands of the Pacific. A thousand millions of human beings, aggregated in the empires of Japan, China and India, are today awakening from the inertia of centuries to a new consciousness of national life and possibilities. Reverencing their native traditions, institutions and beliefs, they yet recognize the necessity of developing and transforming these in accordance with modern knowledge, insight and practical endeavor. In this task they need the unselfish guidance and help of western and Christian nations.

To recognize the legitimacy and worthiness of these aspirations of our Oriental neighbors; to behold in them the promise and potency of incalculable good, both for them and for ourselves; to encourage and aid them by every way in our power; to rise above the dictates of a narrow, exclusive patriotism and selfish, provincial policies into larger conceptions of international duty and opportunity; to promote an exchange not merely of commodities but of ideas and ideals, of good-will and service—this is the impressive lesson and appeal of the opening of the Panama Canal and of the Panama-Pacific Exposition which glorifies it. May the people of the United States, and of our Pacific communities in particular, be equal to this call upon their intelligence and their sympathy, and nobly embody it in sentiment and deed! Then the splendid enterprise, business sagacity, large-mindedness and broad human sympathies of the originators and organizers of this great world-embracing exhibit at San Francisco will be vindicated and rewarded. It will prove to be the prelude of a new departure in the history of human culture and beneficence, ushering in an era of international sympathy and good will, the brotherhood of man and the peaceful federation of the nations and races of mankind.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Keep closer to the wall; stop crawling; wait.
We have our orders. Hold the dynamite.
I hear their sentry cough. The moon burns white
Behind the battlements, and cuts each one—
Turret and tower—an inky silhouette,
Like paper castle-tops I used to trace
With scissors as a boy. Step softly! Place
The bomb here, underneath the garrison.
Now if their souls are dreaming of hell-fire,
This will not wake them. Midnight! That's the choir
Of children hailing the Nativity.

What are ye that walk the night
Heaven's will divining?
Shining are your mantles white
And your staffs are shining.

Shepherds, we have come from far
Dark and danger scorning:
We have seen our King, His star,
By the gates of morning.

Come now, this is no time for hands to quake;
On this one breach depends the victory,
A nation's honor, and her destiny.
And these, who lie so unsuspectingly
In sleep, not one of them must ever wake
This side of—

What is He whose star ye seek,
Toilsomely and slowly?
He is monarch of the meek,
Regent of the lowly.

Wise men, seek another land,
Shun our lord his greeting:
For we perish at his hand,
And our lambs are bleating.

What a devilish close call!
There creeps the sentry on the shadow-wall
Like a black ant. Quick now—the fuse!

What are ye who knock by night
On my palace portals?
Triple wreaths of silver light
Crown you like immortals.

Herod, from the east we bring
Fine and lordly treasure.
Where is He that born is King?
We would do him pleasure.

These your gifts uncover them
Myrrh and spice, before me.
Lo, I am Jerusalem!
Bow ye down, adore me!

King, your shepherds wretchedly
Starve without your city,
You Jerusalem may be,
But our Lord is Pity.

Quick, fool!
This is our country's job, and you her tool.
What are you waiting for? You want to think
Before you kill? You dream that love may link
All born of women? Fool, are we the first
To live in mothers' memories accurst,
Or in the little children's helplessness?
These men, like us, know gentle eyes that bless
Their goings and homecomings, baby hands
That reach, fine feet that dart, at their commands.
What, then? This is not murder; this is war.
We are not men but patriots. Think no more:
The fuse is lighted; run! Run for the shore!

What are ye that screen your eyes
From the awful burning?
Look where 'neath His star He lies,
Nestled by her yearning.

Ye that saw His glory shine,
What were dark and danger?
Blessed ye that make your shrine
Mother, Child, and manger.

Now the Lord of Love

Look back! Look back! How the torn earth-clouds blot
The stars, and the far hilltop heaves the roar!
Ah, *Merry Christmas!* Almost I'd forgot.

—*Percy MacKaye.*

Some Questions About "Preparedness" Answered

To the Editor of UNITY:

The following seven questions have lately been given wide circulation. They are from the pen of one who believes in military "preparedness," and are designed to show the absurdity of persons who oppose an increase in armies and navies. Since they are the kind of questions that are being asked by militarists and their friends on every side of us, may I be permitted to answer them in two columns of UNITY:

Question 1. "If France, Great Britain and Russia had been as well prepared for war as Germany, would hostilities have begun at all, or if they did begin, would they have not been over long ago?"

Answer: I think everything shows the probability to be that if the Allies had prepared as completely as Germany, Germany would have prepared much more heavily still, with the result that the war would have begun sooner, and would have been even more bloody, if that were possible, than it now is.

Question 2. "If Belgium had been as well prepared as Switzerland, would she have lost her identity as a nation?"

Answer: Belgium has not lost her identity as a nation, and is not going to lose it. If Switzerland had been located where Belgium is—in the path that Germany wanted to take to reach Paris—she would have been treated exactly as Belgium was. Her preparedness would not have had the slightest effect in protecting her.

Question 3. "If Servia had not been prepared, how long would she have lasted?"

Answer: The devastation which Servia has suffered has been nearly if not quite as terrible as that of Belgium. Her "preparedness" has not mitigated the horrors of war for her in the smallest degree. If her existence as a nation is to be preserved, it will not be because of her preparedness but because the great nations, her allies, save her.

Question 4. "If after this war the winning power should say to the United States, 'We must control the Panama Canal,' what should the answer be?"

Answer: The winning power will say no such piratical thing. To suggest such a question is to insult nations with which we are at peace and which have always treated us honorably.

Question 5. "If a foreign foe should invade our country, is the answer of the pacifists: 'Welcome!' We give you the glad hand; take possession of everything, including our government, and we Americans will take a back seat?"

Answer: Why should any man of intelligence ask such a question? Are "pacifists," in his judgment, fools or poltroons? Does he look upon men like David Starr Jordan and President Nicholas Murray Butler, and ex-Senator William E. Chanler, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and Lieutenant General Nelson E. Miles, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and the National Council of the Congregational Churches of America, and thousands of others who believe increase of our national armament to be as unnecessary and perilous,—does he look upon these men as worthy only of ridicule? Let him be assured that peace men love their country as well as do militarists, and if invasion ever comes or is ever really threatened, we shall be found in the ranks of our country's defenders. But we do not propose to create danger where none exists by losing our heads and shouting fire; nor are we going to invite invasion by representing friendly nations as brigands ready to pounce on us, or by plunging our nation into the militaristic insanity which is ruining Europe.

Question 6. "In the millenium must patriotism give way to cosmopolitanism?"

Answer: In the millenium, and a long while before, real patriotism will grow ashamed of national narrowness, national bigotry, national pugnacity; it will grow wise enough to know that antagonism to other nations is folly and ruin to any people, and that, since every nation exists in a world with other nations, it must learn to live in friendship and co-oper-

ation with those nations or perish. In other words the better and truer patriotism coming will be intelligently and genuinely cosmopolitan in its outlook, its sympathies and its plans.

Question 7. "Must a man without a country supplant the man with one?"

Answer: Is one who endeavors to keep his country at peace to be called a man without a country? Edward Everett Hale wrote a book which probably did more to stimulate love of country than any other work ever written. But Dr. Hale was deeply opposed to increase of national armaments. Was he for this reason a man without a country? Is the fact that I believe large navies and armies to be a national danger, proof that I care nothing for my country?

I respectfully commend to the attention of all readers of UNITY the recent words of President Wilson: "The country is not threatened from any quarter. She is in friendly relations with all the world." Ought not that to settle this whole matter of preparedness? If no danger threatens us, will it not be a crime if we waste two billions of the people's money needlessly, with the result of greatly stimulating the baneful militaristic spirit in this country and swelling still more the horrible militarism of the world?

I also commend to the readers of UNITY the following resolution, recently passed by a body of men whom I believe to be as intelligent and as patriotic as can be found in this country:

Resolved, That we, the representatives of the Congregational Churches in the United States, in National Council assembled, view with painful solicitude the organized and desperate efforts to stampede the nation at this time into wild and extravagant expenditures for ships and guns, and place upon record now our earnest objection to committing our nation to a policy of so-called preparedness for which Europe is paying such an appalling price.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

423 W. 120th St., New York City.
December 8.

HAD I BEEN ONE OF THOSE.

Had I been one of those
Who watched their sleeping flocks by night
And saw the heavens, joy-faint with light,
Beneath fair Bethlehem's rose;
Would I have known, could I have guessed,
Would I have followed with the rest
Upon that far strange quest?

And had I been
A guest in that small crowded inn
Where Mary and the child enstabled lay,
Would I adoring too have knelt to pray?

And had I heard
The hillside preacher's word
"Come unto me," and "Blessed are the meek,"
Would I have guessed, would I have known
This was the One we came to seek?
This is Messiah; He alone.

Would I have loved upon his breast to lean,
Or coldly asked "Who is this Nazarene?"
In wrath for him have raised the sword—
Incarnate God, the Spoken Word—
Yet thrice denied him in one day,
Mayhap have kissed his life away?

Had I been one that day
To stand on Calvary's way,
Would I have joined the cry,
"Away with him" and "Crucify";
And helped to plait the crown of thorns,
And held to him the cup of gall,
And deemed him lost whom the world scorns,
And said "This is the last" and "This is all"?

How easy in these safe and pleasant days
To worship and to praise!

But if a sleeping babe now lay
Within a manger filled with hay,
With God's own star to point the way,
Would I believe? Would I obey?

How many great hearts silently
Seek their Gethsemane
To pray and weep,
While we, forgetting, sleep.

For Truth is mocked and scourged alway,
And Love is crucified each day.

Yet Love and Truth abide!
Love bursts the tomb and breaks the bonds of Death
And Hate, as ancient prophet saith.
Sweet Bethlehem's star
Still shines afar,
And Christ himself doth dwell
In every heart that doeth well.
So keep we still our Christmas-tide.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

HAVE I MY WORK OUT YONDER?

Have I my work out yonder
Where silence reigns supreme;
Have I my task, I wonder,
To pull against the stream.

Am I to do God's thinking,
For Him to work and plan;
From toil nor sorrow shrinking
As we build the soul of man?

Is my task in His vineyard
To dig and plant and prune;
To weigh upon His steelyard
His grapes in heat and noon?

And I to fetch and carry
To workmen on the wall;
And will the task I marry
My energy enthral?

Is there a God, out yonder,
Sore troubled and beset;
In waters doth He flounder,
Is He faint and cold and wet?

Doth He cry to me for aid
Across the seas of doubt;
Must I Death's waters wade,
That I may help Him out?

Is there a God who needs me,
Then let Him tell me so.
When from this flesh Death frees me,
I'm His for weal or woe.

I care not for His heaven,
I do not fear His hell;
But if to me is given
His work, then all is well.

—*Algernon Sidney Crapsey.*

The most perfect beauty lies not in external surroundings, but in the conception of the human mind.

—*John C. Van Dyke.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James. H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

HENRY FORD PEACE SHIP.

S. S. Oscar II, Radio Via Cape Race. —At a mass meeting held aboard Henry Ford's Peace Ship, Tuesday evening, December 7th, S. S. McClure, the eminent magazine publisher and publicist, read important extracts from President Wilson's message, an advanced copy of which Mr. McClure had obtained before sailing. After the readings Mr. Ellis O. Jones, one of the delegates, spoke as follows:

I certainly do not believe this message should be received in silence by this assemblage. This is a reactionary message; this message comes to us at a time when we cannot keep silent; we must speak out; we are going abroad now, on a mission to stop a terrible war among nations, everyone of which is prepared in a military way—prepared for war. This is no time to disturb American traditions and prepare us for war. A member of this delegation said tonight, that, preparation in the military sense is only a century old, but that is not correct. Preparation in the military sense is many centuries old, the ancient histories are full of it; preparation in a peace sense, however, preparation in a civil sense, is not so old. I call your attention to the preparation for peace, that now exists in the United States and Canada. Where there are no forts, where there are no soldiers, where there are no trenches or guns, that is preparation for peace, and that is about a century old. A preparation for peace exists between Norway and Sweden. There is no fort between their frontiers, and that is the kind of preparation we need now. America is in danger, but of what is she in danger. The President does not say in his message of what America is in danger. At this time the President does not mention a single nation that he dares to say is an enemy of the United States of America, but the United States of America is in danger none the less. It is in danger of enemies from within and they are not naturalized enemies either, they are the men, who are building battleships at tremendous profits; men who are trying now, to add to the burden of taxation of the United States of America and to mortgage posterity, for years to come. To fasten this dreadful military burden upon us, they are telling us that we want to Chinafy America, that we are all molly-coddles. It may be true, that every molly-coddle is a pacifist, but, it is not true, that every pacifist is a molly-coddle and this, we are going to show President Wilson and the Armament Trusts of the United States of America, before we are through. "Applause." It is not true perhaps, that everyone, who favors preparedness in the United States is a grafter, but nothing can be truer than, that every grafter in the United States is in favor of preparedness; every corporation lawyer in the United States is in favor of preparedness. Joseph H. Choate, the other day, had the superlative impertinence to say that he had considered this matter, that he had gotten the facts from military authorities and had found that America was not prepared in any single respect or in any particular. Was ever there a more absurd statement made by any man than this one, from a great International lawyer? America is prepared now if you want a military preparedness; it is very very simple. These men do not want a military preparedness, what they want is a great military profit. "Applause." If we want to prepare ourselves, it is the simplest thing in the world. Germany has spent a great amount of money upon its fleet, its wonderful navy. Now how does it go about to protect that fleet? By the very very simple provision of having mined the harbor; a very simple and inexpensive matter, but mines in the harbor offer very little profit to the Steel Trust, very little profit too, indeed. There is vastly more money in battleships. I do not want to take too much of your time, I am about through, but I feel this matter deeply, and before I am through, I want to say, that we, this body of earnest, unselfish men and women, should speak in no uncertain terms about this message. We are, as President Wilson said, "for national efficiency and security," but that is not the way to go about to get that; by turning our best energies to the making of murderous instruments of destruction; by sending our best men into vile barracks and muddy trenches and by turning over the public treasury to a lot of profit mongers, who are not actuated by the slightest patriotic impulse whatsoever. "Applause."

HENRY FORD.

To enumerate a tithe of the labors of "R. J. J." would occupy many columns, and a very large proportion of his valuable work has been a labor of love, while his services to his denomination can never be estimated in pounds, shillings and pence. Though he is now entering on his eighty-first year, his host of friends and admirers wish him many

Increase Your Salary

The Gregg course offers the surest and quickest way to get a good position. Thousands of graduates with leading Chicago firms owe their initial success to Gregg training.

Start January 3 DAY OR EVENING SESSIONS

Gregg training prepares for stenographic, secretarial, reporting, teaching and civil service positions. Expert teachers; individual progress; superb equipment; ideal environments and a select class of students,

Call, write or telephone (Randolph 6040) for catalogue.

GREGG SCHOOL

6 North Michigan Avenue - - Chicago, Illinois

more years of life and health to pursue the work he has set before himself, work which no one is so competent of performing as he. "At my age," he said recently, "I am looking forward with confidence, and in imagination I see the parapet of the other world, where friends of a life-time have gone before and are watching my later days, ready, whenever the time comes, to welcome me into a larger society than the one I am leaving behind." He is firmly convinced that in the next life there will be work to do, and that men and women do not cease their activities by passing from this sphere into a higher.

—*The Christian Life.*

London, September 25, 1915.

IMPROPRIETY.

An elderly Philadelphia lady, a church member, active in good works, but quite conservative, went to San Francisco to visit relatives and see the Fair. A few days before Billy Sunday began his revival there, a niece asked her:

"Aunty, you saw Billy Sunday in Philadelphia last winter, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"He starts here next Sunday," said the girl. "I suppose I ought to go, oughtn't I?"

"Why, yes," said the old lady. "You ought to hear him, certainly—but it don't seem like a nice thing to do on the Sabbath."—*Everybody's.*

In Press, a New Edition, by Rabbi Jos. Krauskopf, D. D.

FIVE LECTURES ON

Jesus, Man or God?

Price 25 cents per copy, paper-bound; 50 cents cloth-bound. Postage 5 cents.

And of his six lectures on

Prejudice, Its Genesis and Exodus

Price 25 cents per copy, paper-bound; 50 cents per copy, cloth-bound. Postage 5 cents.

FOR SALE BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING CO.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones CHICAGO, ILL.

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE LIBERAL MINISTRY

Including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including two summer sessions at The University of Chicago. Traveling fellowship yielding $810. Religious education and social service institutes during the summer quarter open to special students with scholarship aid.

Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania.

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

OAKLAND Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 1288-1289

1049 E. 43rd Street
821 E. 39th Street

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

NOTE OUR RATES
Lowest in Chicago

ONE PASSENGER

First Half Mile	$0.40
Each Half Mile Thereafter	.10
Each Hour Waiting Time	.80

EXTRA PASSENGERS

For Each Passenger Above One, For the Entire Trip, Extra	.10

Let us hear from Lincoln Centre If it Pays to Advertise

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Free Coal to Those who Can't Afford to Buy It

Nobody is going to be cold this winter if the Consumers Company can help it. We even want those who can't afford to pay for coal now, to use Consumers coal, because at some time in the future their circumstances may change; they may be able to pay for coal then and if they once use Consumers coal they will never use any other. In any event we want them to keep warm.

You can call it either charity or advertising, it makes no difference to us as long as we accomplish the results we are after, but we will give fifty pounds of coal free every day, as we have for the past three winters, on presentation at any of our yards listed below of our coal certificates which may be had from any Physician, Minister, Priest, Rabbi, Newspaper, the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America, Associated Charities, the Visiting Nurses Association, any Woman's Club or Charitable Organization, And we give it freely without any fuss or foolishness.

Last year we distributed 70,720 fifty pound lots of Consumers coal. You may call them advertising samples or charity just as you choose. In either event we *know* that we kept 70,720 *families warm.* This is our Christmas offering and in this manner *we propose to make Christmas last all winter.* If we profit by it later—when these good folks are in position to become *paying* customers, you won't care, will you? We think not.

GUARANTEED CONSUMERS COMPANY PRODUCTS

Consumers Company

Frank W. Upham

President

Consumer's Yards where free coal may be secured:

Location and phone number—

NORTH SIDE

Clybourn and Ashland Aves., Lincoln 1880
4875 Broadway., Edgewater 441
3322 Racine Ave., Lake View 5594
7476 Rogers Ave., Rogers Park 314
Lincoln Ave., and Grace Street, Lake View 547
Division and Hooker Sts., Superior 1540
1240 Belmont Ave., Lake View 3456
936 North Branch St., Superior 6117
Foot of So. Water St., Randolph 2125
1100 N. Halsted St., Dock, Superior 300

NORTHWEST SIDE

1733 N. Kildare Ave., Belmont 7657
1800 N. Crawford Ave., Belmont 3456

Location and phone Number—

2915 N. California Ave., Monticello 2613
4553 Armitage Ave., Belmont 6839
1769 Milwaukee Ave., Humboldt 357
3801 Milwaukee Ave., Irving 22

WEST SIDE

Kedzie Ave. and Kinzie St., Garfield 3456
342 N. Oakley Ave. West 443
Wood St. and Carroll Ave. West 246
2512 West Fulton St. West 1223
Kenton and Park Ave. Austin 37

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Blue Island Ave. and Wood St., Canal 1515
18th and Sangamon Sts. Canal 1737
18th Place and Western Ave. Canal 500

Location and phone number—

SOUTH SIDE

44th and Federal Sts. Armour [Ave.] Kenwood 3456
71st St. and S. Chicago Ave. Stewart 4567
1311 State St. [team track] Calumet 917
26th St. and So. Park Ave. Calumet 3799
61st St. and Blackstone Ave. [Wash. Ave.] Hyde Park 131
34th St. and Racine Ave. Yards 890
35th and Normal Ave. Yards 2841
35th and Federal Sts. [Armour Ave.] Douglas 3103
47th and Normal Ave. Yards 632
59th and Wallace Sts. Wentworth 1076
54th St. and Lake Ave. Midway 3456